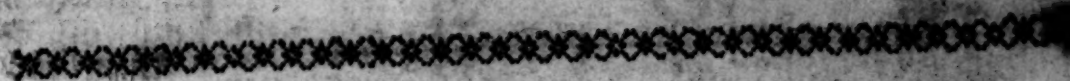


4

Eng. Poetry vol 6



AN
E L E G Y,
IN A
R I D I N G H O U S E.



[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

MISSOURI ARCHIVES

AN

73 G E L E

II G R I D I

MISSOURI ARCHIVES

OFFICE OF THE

A N
E L E G Y,

I N A

R I D I N G H O U S E.

I N I M I T A T I O N O F

V I R G I L ' S F I R S T P A S T O R A L .

Nunc vici, Tristes, quoniam Fors omnia versat;
Hos illi, (quod nec bene vertat) mittimus Hædos.

VIRGIL. ECLOG. 9.

W R I T T E N I N T H E Y E A R 1776.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R J . R O B S O N A N D C O . N E W B O N D S T R E E T .

M D C C L X X V I I I .

E L E G Y

RIDING HORSE

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S FIRST PASTORAL



THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
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WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1811

L O N D O N

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON AND CO. NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCCXVIII.

E L E G Y.

B.

IN these lov'd walls while you the hours beguile,
 Where health and pleasure on your labours smile;
 Skilfull " the * bounding steed to turn and wind,
 " And witch with noble horsemanship mankind;
 I melancholly sit, and hopeless pine,
 Lamenting o'er the joys which once were mine,
 Joys which I long must love, and long deplore;
 Departed joys, which will return no more.

I M I T A T I O N S.

MELIBOEUS. TITYRUS.

M.

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,
 Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena;*
 Nos patriæ fines, nos dulcia linquimus arva,
 Nos patriam fugimus; tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,*
 Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

* Shakespear.

B

All,

M.

All, all, my friend, to *Fortune's*, smiles I owe
From her large bounty all these pleasures flow.

To her, bright goddess! Shall my vows be paid;
And frequent offerings on her altars laid:
She gave me wealth; and had the sprightly steed;
Know me, his lord, and in my pastures feed;
Bade me, all-gracious! in * these walls preside,
And happy, free, and vacant live and ride.

I M I T A T I O N S.

T.

O Melibœe; Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus; illius aram,
Sape tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
Ille meos errare bores, ut cernis, et ipsum
Ludere que vellum calamo permisit agresti.

* The riding-house.

B.

Think not that envy in my breast can rise,
 From honest grief I speak, and just surprise.
 To see the times so hard and big with fear,
 Money so scarce, and provender so dear.
 And still more sad, my fav'rite horse from Spain
 Is dead, " * nor shall I see his like again.
 Wretch that I am! all thoughtless and elate,
 I blindly reckon'd on a kinder fate:
Hope led me on, and strew'd with flow'rs the way;
 But only woo'd me, *Syren!* to betray.

I M I T A T I O N S.

M.

Non equidem invideo, miror magis: undique totis
 Usque adeo turbatur agris: en ipse capellas
 Protenus æger ago! hanc etiam via Tityre, duco
 Hic inter densas falices modo namque gemellos
 Spem gregis, ah nudâ in filice connicea reliquit.

* Shakespear.

The sole ambition of my humble mind
 Was *here* to ride, and leave the word behind.
 Ardent your great example to pursue;
 And give myself to horsemanship and you.
 But on my wish my stars no more will shine,
 And sternly bid me quit the fond design:
 A long farewell, then, to the *maneg'd* steed!
 And oh, farewell! (since thus it is decreed)
 You * much-lov'd creatures, long my care and pride,
 All partial to my wish, which B——e supply'd.
 Dear in yourselves, but dearer for his sake,
 Farewell! an everlasting leave I take.

M.

What more can you desire, or Fortune send?
 She gives you all, in giving such a friend,

* Horses given,

Sooner

B.

Sooner the *manege* lore shall you forgo,
 To amble up and down in *Rotten Row* ;
 Sooner to ride a *stiff-neck'd* horse submit,
 Or not prefer a *snaffle* to a *bitt* * ,
 Than ought shall make me from his praise forbear,
 Or his lov'd image from my bosom tear.
 Lord of my Heart, he there must ever dwell,
 And my glad tongue its grateful feelings tell.

I M I T A T I O N S .

M.

Ante leves ergo palcentur in æthere cervi,
 Et freta destituent nudosin littere pisces ;
 Ante, perreratis amborum finibus exul,
 Aut avarim parthus bibet, aut germanica tygrim,
 Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

* A bridle which he always uses, taught by his large experience, that its powers are far superior to those of a *bitt*.

C

But

M.

But why resign your horses, and depart
From this lov'd scene of our enchanting heart?

B.

Past is my sentence, and my joys must end;
In these lov'd walls no more must I pretend,
In pleasing toil with you to pass each day,
And unambitious *gallop* life away.
But, sad reverse! My horses must be sold,
And health and pleasure, ill-exchanged for gold:
So *Fortune* bids; who from her partial wheel,
Draws forth the various lots of good and ill;
And mocking man's fond schemes, and fruitless pains,
To slaves gives scepters, and to monarchs chains;
Made * * * poor, in wealth gave * * * to shine;
Your horses *grants* to you, and me *deprives* of mine.

M.

Touch'd at your fate, I hear with aching heart,
The sad decree pronounc'd, that we must part.

Thrice

B.

Thrice happy you! Your horses still remain,
 You still can ride them, and can still maintain,
 Though large the number, while your hapless friend
 Sees every hope, and all his pleasure end :
 Content and wealth are yours ; while all around,
 Distresses, cares, and poverty abound,
And the land pays four shillings in the pound.

I M I T A T I O N S.

B.

Fortunate senex ! ergo tua rura manebunt
 Et tibi magna satis ; quamvis lapis omnia nudus
 Limosoque palus obducatur pascua juncos.

O'erbearing

O'erbearing floods whole plains may sweep away
 The harvest drown, or spoil the promis'd hay;
 Taxes on taxes the ministers may heap,
 Disease and rottenness kill all your *sheep* ;*
 Superior still to ev'ry storm you *ride*,
 Still please yourself, and charm the world beside ;
 Thrice happy you ! Your horses still remain,
 You still can ride them, and can still maintain.
 Far from my care my horses doom'd to go,
 Must other stalls, and other masters know :

IMITATIONS.

Non infuetus graves tentabunt pabula foetas,
 Nec mala vicini pectoris contagia lædant ;
 Fortunate senex ! hic inter flumina nota
 Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.

* He keeps a great number.

My beauteous *Barb*, gift of a noble hand,
 For sale at *Bever's* must *degraded* stand;
 And my lov'd *Dane*, whom monarchs might bestride,
 Admire his beauty, and enjoy his pride;
 Lost ev'ry grace, exhausted all his fire,
 Be *backney'd* daily for ignoble hire;
 Was it for this, that, year succeeding year,
 I nurs'd and form'd you with unceasing care;
 Bad nicer *art* each native grace refine?
 As *polish'd* gems with *double* lustre shine.
 Nor other task, nor other pleasure knew?
 But *found* and *fix'd* my *Heaven* alone in you? *
 Go then, my steeds, once happy creatures, go!
 I weep your fate, and suffer in your woe.

IMITATIONS.

At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros,
 Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Creta veniemus Oaxen,
 Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit,
 Barbarus has segetes? En queis consevimus agros!
 Ite meum felix quondam pecus, ite capella?

* Alluding to the line of Dryden,

" And having *found* his Heaven he fix'd it there."

Pleas'd at your sides no longer shall I stand,
 Stroke your smooth necks, and feed you from my hand;
 No longer in the *manege* bid you bound,
 Close the quick change, and wheel the rapid round;
 Or slowly stepping with majestick pace,
 Exhibit *motion* in its utmost grace.
 But unavailing now these praises flow,
 And all your merit but augment my woe.
 Go then, my steeds, once happy creatures, go?
 Leave your sad master to lament and moan,
 His joy, his pride, his occupation gone.

I M I T A T I O N S.

M.

Non ego vos post hâc viridi projectus in umbrâ
 Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo;
 Carmina nulla canam; non, me pascente, capellæ
 Florentem Cytisum, et falices carpetis amaras.

Yet

M.

Yet stay with me to-day, my friend, and dine,
 Mutton I have, and soup, and noble wine;
 Friendship's soft cares shall try your breast to calm,
 And into all your sorrows pour its balm—
 Besides, 'tis late—for see at ev'ry door
 The lamps all shine, and day-light is no more.
 To rest the weary sons of toil retreat,
 While tradesmen shut their shops, and cease to *cheat*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

Hic tamen hac mecum poteris requiescere nocte
 Fronde super viridi; sunt nobis mitia poma,
 Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.—
 Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
 Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbra.

F I N I S.

Yet my friends, and mine,
 Matron I love, and love, and noble wine;
 Friendship's soft, and love's sweet, and love's dear;
 And into all your sorrows pour the tear;
 Better, the last—better, the last—
 And into all your sorrows pour the tear;
 To tell the story of the last—
 While tradition that the last—



IMITATION

Et jam summa præcui villarum culmina fumant,
 Colles molles, et prælii copia læta, —
 Fronde super viridis; læta nobis imber sonat,
 Et rivos hæc mœnia præcui culmina fumant.

FINIS